

"HOME-SWEET-HOME" CENTERS PLANNED FOR AMERICAN TOURISTS IN EUROPE

TUNIS, North Africa, January 12, 1922.

BY STERLING HELLIG.

TWENTY American tourists lounged in a hotel of Tunis after dinner. They talked of "Home, Sweet Home!" and heard this story. They were on the spot.

Far away from his native land, homeless, alone and unhappy, John Howard Payne, author of the immortal song, died here in Tunis, on April 1, 1852, as United States consul. He had written the song twenty-nine years previously, and all those intervening years but six had been spent away from home. He was an American, born in New York city, but living continuously between Paris and London from 1815 to 1852. Then, when President Tyler gave him his appointment, in 1841, he started off abroad again, to die, finally, as United States consul to Tunis, ten years later.

According to local tradition, Payne spent the summer in a villa among olive groves, outside the city walls, but breathed his last in the American consulate, a Moorish building separated from the British residency by a narrow lane. Over his grave was a plain, gray marble slab on massive foundations, overhung by a great pepper tree, whose limply falling branches resemble the weeping willow. The slab, on which the American eagle was conspicuous, had been sent out from America.

EARLY in 1833 it was decided that his remains should be removed to America, and in the absence of a diplomatic representative of the United States, the British consul general, Thomas F. Reade, son of Sir



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

Thomas Reade, Sir Hudson Lowe's lieutenant at St. Helena, undertook the exhumation. An American ship of war arrived at Goletta, with a handsome double-casket of unusual size and weight, for the removal of the body. This was successfully accomplished, but with two strange accidents. The great slab broke in two as it was lifted, crushing the leg of one native laborer and killing another outright. Then, when the ponderous casket was being hoisted to the ship, a rope gave way—in consequence of which Mr. Reade received a violent blow in the chest, from which he ultimately died.

The casket remained in the Anglican Church of Tunis the night before its embarkment. "Home, Sweet Home!" was played on the organ as it moved out. When it was finally interred at Washington the vast concourse joined in singing the same sacred song that had been played on the organ in the little church of Tunis.

"Strange, those accidents," remarked a tourist. "Kind of symbolic," observed another, "as if these foreign lands were against his departure, on account of what he stands for."

"Just how? Explain."

"As if they were hostile to the idea of 'Home, Sweet Home' for Americans in Europe."

FROM this idle conversation (it is said) grew up the proposition of the home, sweet home centers in Europe. Ostensibly (and as a fact) they would be memorials to John Howard Payne, author of the song, the typical American betrayed by love of Europe. An association of patriotic Americans is to bear the expense, aided by tourist contributions.

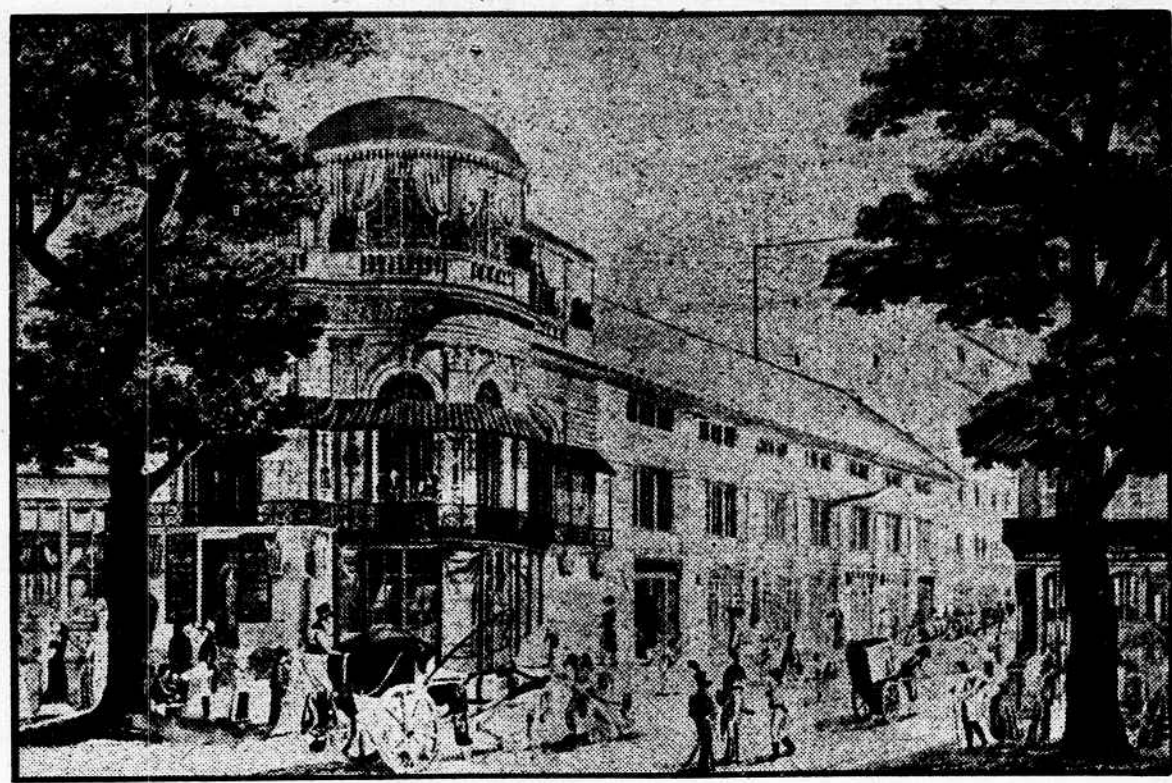
Others ask if the State Department at Washington is entirely stranger to the idea. The State Department is known to be the enemy of expatriates, hostile to the scattering of tourist money abroad and completely partisan of "Home, Sweet Home" for American citizens abroad.

Our passports are granted for two years only, including extensions. Up to very recently, the application contained a sworn declaration of "intention" to return home within that time. While at present liberal to American business men legitimately abroad, all its tenderness will certainly go to the memorials—to jog the loiterer's memory that "Home, Sweet Home" exists, to touch his emotions in contemplation of the sad fate of John Howard Payne.

In any case, at a meeting of Americans in the Paris offices of Alexander Kahn, representative of one of our great singing machine companies, the idea of the memorials was adopted—and there seemed no doubt of its financial support, as if already acquired or promised.

The idea includes premises, first in Paris and London, then in other capitals, to be centers of the American remembrance of home. They are not to degenerate into information bureaus. The only information given out will be how to get back to God's country the most promptly, together with the registration of tourists' names for cable transfer and nominal rate greetings to home folks, the stirring of home interest by well stocked reading rooms of American newspapers and appeals to the better emotions by patriotic lectures, terminating in "Home, Sweet Home!" sung by the sweetest and most famous voices procurable.

Even the State Department (to be



PARIS IN THE DAYS WHEN "HOME, SWEET HOME" WAS WRITTEN AND SUNG IN A THEATER THERE. THE OLD PRINT SHOWS THE PAVILION DE HANOVRE, A FASHIONABLE PLACE OF SOCIETY, FROM 1820 TO 1830.

turn to the gratuitous rumor) has nothing against Americans in the style of John Howard Payne.

The author of "Home, Sweet Home!" never had any real luck in Europe; and most of us who have followed his footsteps have done it completely. He began life as a youthful genius and romantic actor in the best style. At the age of eighteen he was playing Norval, in the tragedy of "Douglas," at the Park Theater, New York. He appeared in leading, heroic roles, from "Barbarossa" to "Romeo and Juliet," and his profits for the first year were \$10,000.

THREE years later, he went to London and Paris, and while always an artistic success, it took him no time at all to get his nose permanently on the grindstone.

Payne turned playwright at the age of twenty-one. He wrote, translated or adapted sixty plays on the twenty-three consecutive years of his Paris-London existence. Always hard up, he had to bestir himself at times to pay 12 shillings per month for his dog's board and lodging with his dog's money. Charles Kemble sent him the untruthful reply that "a poorer man lives not in England than myself." Payne answered simply: "You should come and see what Paris can do in that line." When manager of Sadler's Wells Theater he was imprisoned for debt until a successful adaptation of "Theresa" permitted him to "arrange" with his creditors.

During all these dreary years of exile, Washington Irving, who had met Payne in New York, was his friend, literary adviser, mentor and, for several periods, his companion in Paris lodgings; but—and here, again, one sees how expatriates are punished—there came a time when Payne's lady love preferred his friend.

It was Mary Shelly, young widow of the poet. The love story has been completely reconstructed from Payne's letters. Mary, who "had a passion for going to the theater without paying" (she often had six tickets to the same show), used the author of "Home, Sweet Home" for the double purpose of keeping her supplied with theater tickets and for reaching Washington Irving.

Invariably Payne offered to escort her, with the tickets. Sometimes she accepted, often she accepted only the tickets. She used to address him, in her little notes, as "My Dear Sir." It warmed up to "My Dear Payne" only after an "abundant" supply of tickets. My, don't it sound natural?

When, at last, he yielded to the evidence that Mrs. Shelly used him "as her stalking horse in the pursuit of Washington" his ardor cooled, and he abdicated.

Then he wrote "Home, Sweet Home!"

PAYNE was always a success—though always broke. He was a man out of place, a square plug in a round hole—an American settled in Europe. Being under contract to supply operas and plays to Covent Garden Theater he wrote the libretto of the operetta "Clari, or the Maid of Milan." As a suitable song was needed in the second act Payne, inspired by early memories of New York and Easthampton, L. I., penned the immortal hymn:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Payne furnished the tune as well—that is to say, he hummed it to Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, the composer, who fitted it to the words. What Payne hummed was his remembrance of an air which he had heard from the lips of a Sicilian peasant girl selling oranges.

For "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," containing the most famous song in the world, Charles Kemble, manager of Covent Garden Theater, paid the poet 30 pounds, or \$150. Miss Tree, sister of Ellen Tree, played the part of Clari and thus sung, for the first time, "Home, Sweet Home."

It was said that all who had to do with the song got rich—except the author. In twenty months Charles Kemble gained \$10,000 by the copyright—100,000 copies were sold the first year. He kept the profits. They were his, weren't they? Others have done the same thing since. The opera was quite forgotten.

If I were asked to lecture in one of the promised "Home-Sweet-Home" centers, I would like to get together, as audience, all the young fellows of the A. E. F., who, being enamored of France—and justly—have "thrown their cap over the mill," so to speak, and returned to seek a job in Paris. There are thousands and they are not doing themselves any good.

I would tell them, first, that the State Department's two years is not arbitrary fiddle-faddle, but profound psychology. Two years continuous stay in Europe is, I think, the limit, after which an American becomes rapidly unfit for doing anything else. He is not likely to make a success

abroad—he is a foreigner. And he has lost his chance of making a success at home—because he is being saturated, with Parisine, the subtle poison of peace and good will, which is ruinous to business. The natives are immune.

I would tell them that the American colony, socially, has always been composed (apart from wives of business men) of those who did not get along well, socially, at home.

I would tell them that Paris, in the newspaper business and other services, is the place where they send a man to bury him, to let him down easy. The others bury themselves. Little by little their friends at home forget them. Little by little they lose the personal touch.

I WOULD tell them that after-war Paris is not nearly so amusing as was the Paris of John Howard Payne. In his day everybody went to the opera. It was the elegant, the lounging place. The masked balls of the opera were current and crowded. Everybody went to the theater—there were no movies. Mournful tangos and others were replaced by the gay waltz and quadrille. Payne and Irving went to hear Rachel and Talma. Longfellow was particularly smitten with Rachel. Emerson could not keep away from her. They met Thomas Moore at Talma's. Who would bother with Thomas Moore now?

They want to meet Charlie Chaplin. The author of "Home, Sweet Home!" discovered that Europe does not pay for prolonged American residence twelve years after he wrote the song.

Although frequently hard up and often in trouble, he had enjoyed great friendships and the best that Paris offered.

He lived in the Palais-Royal at its brilliant epoch, when 114 gambling houses drew sightseers from all Europe. He lived in the Rue Richelieu when it was still the elegant street of residences. He had a villa at Versailles. He knew the Paris of "Pelham" and "Becky Sharp," the Paris of gastronomy and a witty boulevard. The Latin Quarter was then still the Latin Quarter. He had made his entree to all theaters and new actors and actresses. He saw the payment of the empire.

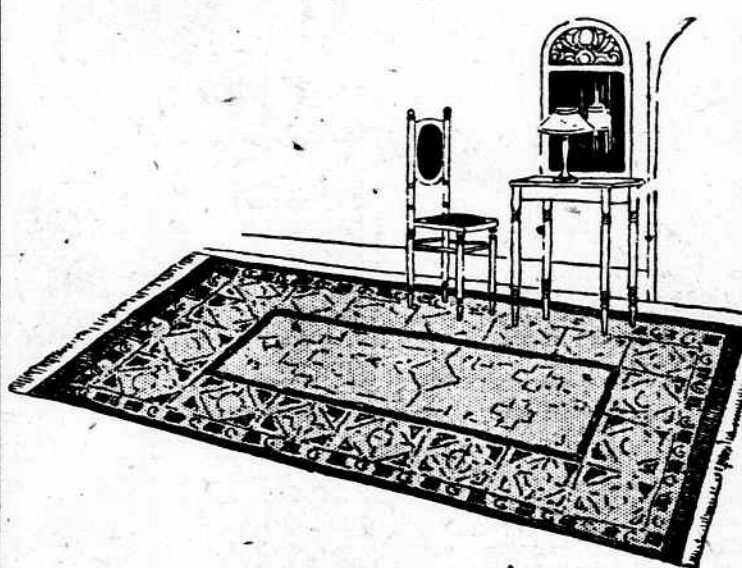
He returned to New York in 1835. For seven years he wandered up and down the land of home. His old friends were scattered. Although they stuck to him, the subtle harmony was lost. Little by little he found himself restless, out of touch. It is the revenge of home neglected. Friends worked to get him a consular appointment abroad. At the age of fifty-two he obtained the post of Tunis. When he presented his credentials the bey of Tunis exclaimed: "America? America? Where is it?"

Payne smiled sadly to himself. He knew. He had consular society, an olive grove and—the flag! He was beloved for just one song that he had written. Once again, he had a chance at home, sweet home.

He was recalled in 1845. By good work of his friends he was reinstated in 1851, the year before his death. Alas! he had lived abroad too long to live at home—or anywhere.

Yet he still lives. Himself is the memorial of "Home, Sweet Home." Also, he wrote it.

The Hecht Co. 7th at F



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\$23.50 Brussels rugs, 9x12 feet.
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\$26.50 Axminsters, 6x9 feet.
\$29.00 velvet rugs, 6x9 feet.
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\$39.75 Axminsters, 9x12 feet.
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\$34.00 Klearflax linen rugs, 8x10 feet.
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\$35.75 Beauvais Axminsters, 6x9 feet.
\$39.00 Brussels, 8x10x6.
\$34.75 Axminsters, 7x9x9.
\$37.50 Axminsters, 6x9x12.

\$29

\$49.75 Axminsters, 9x12 feet.
\$42.50 Axminsters, 6x9 feet.
\$49.75 velvet rugs, 9x12 feet.
\$48.00 Klearflax linens, 9x12 feet.
\$65.00 Alameda Wiltons, 9x12 feet.
\$45.00 velvet rugs, 8x10x6 feet.
\$53.50 Axminsters, 9x12 feet.

\$39

(The Hecht Co.—Fourth floor.)

Half-Yearly Discount Furniture Sale

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

Sound advice, especially when buying furniture.

For furniture is not bought for a day; it is an investment that must last for years.

We have no other kind of furniture. Every piece in our stock is worthy; it is all master-made furniture of enduring quality; furniture you can enjoy for years.

All of this furniture is now at rock-bottom prices. The industry has been adjusted to a peace-time basis—prices are fixed to stay.

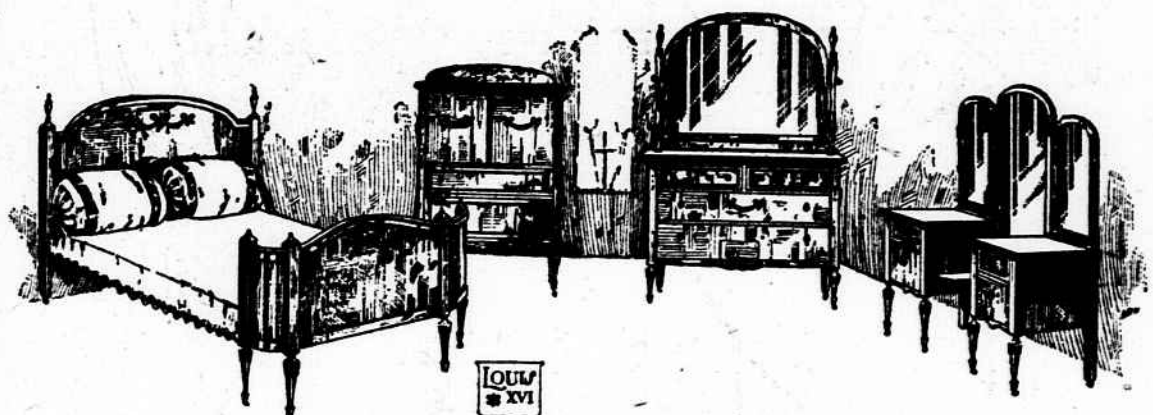
Accordingly we have bought with confidence during the past six months; brought our stock up to a new high level of completeness. And now comes the Half-Yearly Sale, which permits you to choose from these complete stocks at

discounts of 10% to 40%

Nothing is excepted; nothing is reserved. Even standard lines like Bohn Syphon refrigerators are discounted 25%, and McDougall kitchen cabinets, 20%.

Every piece of furniture bears its regular and special discount tags—savings are evident at a glance.

This announcement lists a few typical items:



\$338.75 4-piece bedroom suite

Discounted 10% brings it down to

\$304.88

This suite was exceptional, even at its regular price. Genuine American walnut suite in Louis XVI period design. Includes dresser, large vanity table, chiffonette and bow-end bed. Just as pictured above.

\$245 BEDROOM SUITE, \$220.50

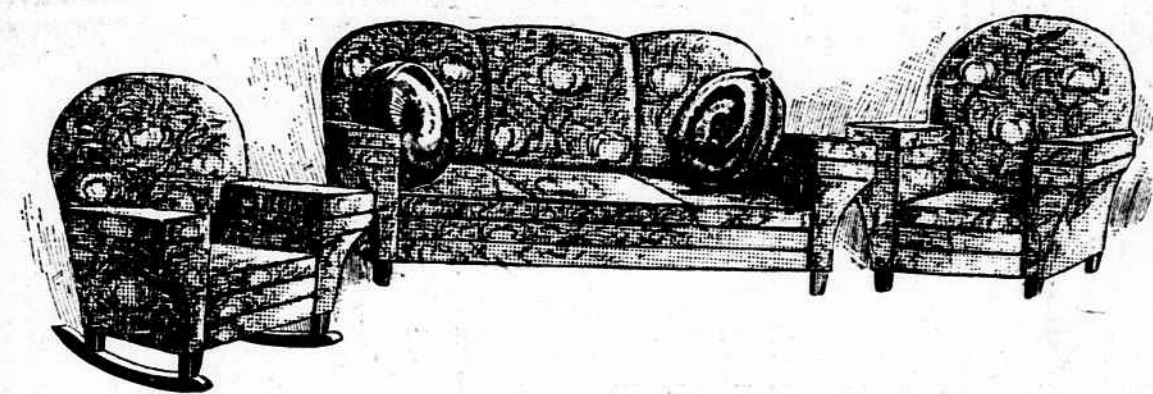
Four-piece Queen Anne suite in genuine mahogany. Includes dresser, chiffonette, toilet table and full size bed.

\$586.75 BEDROOM SUITE, \$498.74

Seven-piece genuine antique walnut suite, inlaid in two shades of walnut. Includes dresser, full-length vanity table, chiffonette, double bed, chair, rocker and bench.

\$366.75 bedroom suite, \$311.73

Genuine American walnut 5-piece suite in Louis XVI period design. Extra large dresser, bow-end twin-beds, chiffonette and semi-vanity table.



\$295 3-piece overstuffed suite

Discounted 25% brings it down to

\$221.25

Maybe you have longed for just such a suite—this sale brings it at an unexpected low price. Luxurious suite upholstered in tapestry; has full spring edge and spring back; also loose, reversible cushions. See illustration above.

\$495 LIVING ROOM SUITE, \$420.75

Solid mahogany and cane suite upholstered of finest taupe silk velour. 76-inch settee, chair and rocker, with four extra pillows and one roll.

\$365 CANE SUITE, \$310.25

With mahogany-finish frame. Tapestry and velour combination upholstery. Queen Anne design settee, armchair and rocker.



\$522.25 dining room suite

Discounted 25% brings it down to

\$391.69

There's a saving of over \$125 for you. Ten-piece Louis XVI suite in genuine American walnut. Consists of 66-inch buffet, large china cabinet, enclosed server, 48x60-inch oval extension table, arm and five side chairs with leather seats.

\$645 DINING ROOM SUITE, \$548.25

Genuine American walnut suite, in Louis XV period design. Includes 66-inch buffet, china cabinet, enclosed server and oval extension table.

\$350 DINING ROOM SUITE, \$280.

A massive four-piece suite in quartered oak, golden or fumed oak finish. Includes buffet, extension table, china cabinet and server.

FOUR-PIECE DINING ROOM SUITE, \$159.38

William and Mary suite, of jacobean oak. Suite comprises 54-inch buffet, china cabinet, 48-inch extension table and server.

\$134.50 DINING ROOM SUITE, \$98.75

A highly polished golden oak suite, consisting of round extension table, 54-inch buffet, with mirror-back, grilled front china case, and enclosed server.

Entire stock Discounted 10% to 40%

All Bohn refrigerators

25% off

None better made; used by the most thrifty and efficient homes and organizations everywhere. Seamless porcelain food chambers are as easy to clean as a glass bowl.

Bohn-Sanitors Bohn-Icyclo Bohn-Syphon

All included at 25% off.

McDougall kitchen cabinets

20% off

Acclaimed by its thousands of owners as the most conveniently arranged cabinet made. It has many labor-saving devices not found in other cabinets. Oak and white enameled.

Gate-leg table

\$16.50

discount sale price

Colonial table in mahogany finish. 15 1/2 x 34 1/2 inches closed; 34 x 40 inches when open.

\$28.75 breakfast table, \$16.50

discount sale price

Handsome English table in dull mahogany finish. Top measures 32x40 inches when open.

All odd wood beds

40% Off

for the discount sale

\$15 beds now \$12.50, \$39 beds now \$26.50 and so on to the best in stock. Genuine American walnut or mahogany finish. Numerous styles.

\$49.75 gas range, \$37.30

for the discount sale

"The Hector" 4-burner gas range with elevated oven. Made to comply with our standard of quality. A good looking range, with porcelain trimmings.

\$29.75 gas range, \$19.95

Three-burner range with roomy oven. The product of a reliable maker. Ideal size for small apartments.

\$47.50 coal or wood range, \$16.95

"Melvale" cast iron range; nickel trimmings. 6-lid top; with apron. A dandy stove for baking.

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25% Off

Entire stock goes at 1/4 less than regular. Reed, in various finishes. For example, \$31.85 ecrú reed carriage, \$23.89, \$39.75 white enamel reed carriage, \$29.81, etc.

(Fourth floor.)

The Hecht Co.

Seventh at F